

## CAPT. MOSLEY WINS GREATEST AIR RACE, 3 MILES A MINUTE

Sets New Record on Straight-  
away Course—Two Other  
U. S. Planes 2d and 4th.

### ITALIAN FINISHES THIRD

Thirty-Four Starters in Big  
Aerial Derby Without Sin-  
gle Serious Mishap.

Congratulations from army and  
navy leaders and others high in na-  
tional affairs poured in today upon  
those who had a part in making the  
Pulitzer Trophy race of yesterday  
what is generally acclaimed as the  
greatest aerial contest of all time.

Thousands of spectators broke all  
restraint and swarmed upon Mitchell  
Field at Mineola when Capt. C. C.  
Mosley, U. S. A., descended to earth.  
winner of the race, at an average  
speed of almost three miles a min-  
ute for the 182-mile course, which he  
completed in 44 minutes 23.57 seconds,  
or 178 miles an hour. One excited  
young woman threw her arms around  
the winner and kissed him squarely  
on the mouth. He reddened and  
tried to break away.

The great throng surged around  
the winning pilot and his Verville  
army racer after he had established  
what experts said was a new world's  
record on the straightaway. One by  
one the remaining planes came to  
earth. There were thirty-four start-  
ers and not a single serious accident  
marked the event, although the ma-  
chines circled a triangular course of  
ninety-three miles. Skill and daring  
marked every minute of the great  
contest. In a few minor crashes the  
airmen escaped with bruises and cuts,  
furnishing an encouraging proof that  
the great aerial race could be staged  
without major accidents.

The enthusiasm of the 40,000 persons  
gathered yesterday at Mitchell Field  
and along the course rose from keen  
eagerness to fever pitch when the  
first of the machines took off, and  
when Capt. Mosley glided gracefully  
to earth, pandemonium broke loose.

Mosley's complete race record,  
which no plane at present built other  
than the one he himself drove is likely  
to beat, reads as follows:

First lap, 11 minutes 57 seconds;  
second lap, 11 minutes 37 seconds;  
third lap, 11 minutes 7.208 seconds;  
fourth lap, 11 minutes 15.52 seconds;  
total, 44 minutes 23.57 seconds; aver-  
age per hour, 178 miles.

His wonderful 600 horse-power  
Packard engine worked sweetly  
within certain limitations. Its car-  
buretor was below 100 per cent. ef-  
ficient, with the consequence that  
the engine which is designed to deliver  
1,600 revolutions per minute did not  
get above 1,700. In other words, it  
was more than 8 per cent. below its  
possible maximum, which on paper  
shows a speed of 200 miles, plus, per  
hour.

Not less notable was the second  
place race driven by Capt. H. E.  
Hartney with a Thomas Morse, 300  
horse-power Wright motor. His time  
was two minutes and a half slower  
than Mosley's and his skillful driv-  
ing evoked the admiration of all the  
air-wise who saw it.

So too did that of Albert Acosta,  
third prize man and one of the few  
civilian pilots entered. The Italian  
S. V. A. with a 225-horse-power  
motor which he drove could not have  
been better handled.

To all interested in the development  
of aviation in this country it was a  
cause for great satisfaction that  
American products triumphed so sig-  
nally over those of other countries.  
The winning plane is designed by an  
American, A. C. Verville, and powered  
with a motor which is in essence a  
glorified Liberty.

Second place also went to an Amer-  
ican production—the Thomas Morse  
plane built at Itasca, with a Wright  
motor built in New Jersey. Third  
place was Italy's, so far as the ma-  
chine and engine went, but America  
took fourth with an Orendo plane, the  
product of the Ordnance Engineering  
Corporation, powered with a Wright.

For comparison with Mosley's per-  
formance it is necessary to refer to  
the Gordon Bennett Cup race held at  
Reims, France, two months ago.  
Sadi Lecoq, winner of that event,  
drove a Nieuport over a course of  
183 miles at slightly more than 160  
miles an hour. In the trials he had  
beaten this by five and one-half miles.  
The official speed record for a mile  
over a measured course is at the rate  
of 192 miles an hour, made by Bernard  
de Romatet at Buc, France. Sadi  
Lecoq has driven a mile at 183.

While on paper Mosley's ride stands  
as a shade under the rate of three  
miles per minute, it was believed last  
night that a survey of the course will  
reveal that it is longer than the esti-  
mated thirty-three miles per lap and  
so no much advance Mosley's rate.  
Should the survey prove that the  
course is exactly thirty-three miles,  
it is still to be noted that added dis-  
tance resulted in rounding the con-  
tents.

Of the forty-four machines entered  
for the race ten failed to start, for a  
variety of reasons. One was the  
single representative of German  
aviation, the "Fokker," which was  
damaged at Buffalo en route to  
Mitchell Field and could not be re-  
paired in time for the race.

THREE REAL PRIZES  
IN AERIAL RACE—Mosley, Hartney,  
and Acosta—won.

## He Says: 'It Is Not My Money; Others Need It' WHY YOUNG GARLAND REFUSES A MILLION Wife Says: 'Husband and Baby Worth All'

### CHARLES GARLAND:

"I have done nothing for the  
money. It is not mine,  
even to give away. I do  
not believe in equal dis-  
tribution or even equality  
of income. Some men need  
more than others, and  
every man according to  
his need."

### MRS. GARLAND:

"Of course I agree with him.  
Love, a husband, a baby  
and a home are worth it  
all. Why should I want a  
million, even for baby's  
sake, when so many other  
babies want in vain what  
will keep them alive?"

### Marguerite Mooers Marshall, (Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

BUZZARDS BAY, Mass., Nov. 25.—  
"Christ would have refused to be a  
millionaire—why shouldn't I?"

In that one sober, naive sentence  
is summed up the self-made philosophy  
of America's most extraordinary  
young man—twenty-one-year-old  
Charles Garland, primitive Chris-  
tian, who, taking the New Testa-  
ment literally and out-Tolstoying  
Tolstoy, has renounced, publicly  
and finally, a fortune of exactly one  
million dollars, his share in the es-  
tate of his father, James A. Garland,  
popular Boston clubman and yacht-  
man.

One of the commonest spurs to idle  
speculation is the question, "What  
would you do with a million dollars  
if you had it?" Some of us, at least,  
are sufficiently altruistic to promise  
ourselves that we would devote a  
part of such a fortune to the needs  
of others. But we never deny that  
we would keep enough to buy motor  
cars, trips to Europe, country places,  
the winter's coal, a lease on a New  
York apartment and other high-  
priced luxuries. As for following the  
counsel Jesus gave to the rich young  
man, "Sell all thou hast and give it  
to the poor"—why, people simply  
don't do such things! The very idea  
is enough to send a shiver through  
the structure of society.

Yet the uncompromising idealist of  
Buzzards Bay not only has harbored  
such an idea—he has turned it into a  
fact. He has made the great refusal.  
Because he honestly believes that, ac-  
cording to Christianity there is no  
possible way in which it would be right  
for him to have a million dollars while  
other men starve and freeze, he has put  
aside, gently but decisively, the fortune  
held in trust for him and his heirs, and  
will support his wife, his baby daughter  
and himself with his own labor.

### MORE CONSISTENT IN ACTION THAN TOLSTOY.

He is far more consistent than his  
acknowledged master, Tolstoy. The  
latter didn't believe in private property.  
Nevertheless, he took no final steps for  
the renunciation of his large Russian  
estate, Yasnaya Polyana, and allowed  
his wife—he also didn't believe in mar-  
riage—to manage it and its many  
peasant workers.

Like most New Yorkers, I found it  
exceedingly difficult to believe in the  
existence of a young man who would  
pass up a million. To submit the  
story to the evidence of my eyes, I  
took the first train to Boston; then  
one of the three daily trains to this  
rambling settlement away down  
among the wind-ruffled marshes and  
scrub pine of Cape Cod.

Charles Garland, with his wife and  
baby, is spending the winter in a re-  
modelled farmhouse, the property of  
his mother, Marie Taddo Garland  
Green. The whole estate is called  
Lay End Farm, and it was Charles  
Green, the superintendent for whose  
sake Charles Garland's mother gave  
up several millions when she married  
after the death of her first husband.  
His fortune had been left to her only  
if she did not remarry. One of the  
beauties of Boston and Brookline  
society, she first wed Jimmie Gar-  
land in 1893. Later they were divorced.  
Then there was a romantic remar-  
riage. It is easy to see how Charles  
Garland may have inherited a certain  
impatience of convention. His mother  
is now abroad. Charles admits that  
at present he is not only living in her  
house, but that her money is paying  
for the running expenses of the family.

"I have no money in my own name,  
none at all," this tosser-away of a  
million calmly informed me. "I  
inherited this summer, but I didn't get  
any money for it; I only got experi-  
ence. Of course, I am going to work;  
there is no form of labor I consider  
beneath me. But I have made no  
plans as yet for what I shall do."

### NO BELL AND NO LOCKS ON THE GARLAND HOUSE.

There is no bell on the door of the  
rambling gray-white farmhouse; there  
is no visible lock. In fact, the door  
of the house itself stood invitingly  
open, at 9:30 in the morning, when I  
arrived. The house, which was built  
and paneled in the storm porch. A  
slender, girlish young woman, blue-  
robed like a Madonna and holding a  
baby in her arms, appeared at the  
head of an outside stairway lead-  
ing to the second floor and told me to



MR. and  
MRS.  
CHARLES  
GARLAND

"Go right through into the back room  
Mr. Garland is telephoning." The  
young woman in blue was Charles  
Garland's wife—I'll tell you more  
about her later.

He came out to meet me, however,  
as I entered the big living room, fur-  
nished chiefly with green-cushioned  
wicker chairs and settees, simple to  
the point of bare comfort.

By you want to know how a man  
looks who makes the austere ges-  
ture of giving up a million?  
This man is extremely tall—several  
inches over six feet, I should say—  
and stoops a bit, as persons of an  
immoderate height are inclined to do.  
He is slender and his face is colorless.  
His smooth, closely cropped  
inky-black hair grows in a widow's  
peak on his forehead. His eyes are  
dark and soft and dreaming, and his  
face, with its straight, well-cut nose  
and pleasant mouth, would have been  
most attractive if only it had not so  
badly needed a shave. But perhaps  
he is trying to raise a Tolstoy beard.  
He wore an old pair of trousers, a  
gray flannel shirt and no coat.

One of the most noticeable things  
about him is his hands. He sat on a  
rather low sofa, while we talked, rest-  
ing his elbows on his knees and hold-  
ing up his loosely clasped hands—big,  
brown, work-hardened, a complete  
contrast to the smooth hands of the  
rich young idler.

"Why ARK you giving up that  
million?" I demanded.  
"Because I believe that it is not  
my money," Charles Garland replied  
seemingly. "I have done nothing for it.  
I do not need it. And other people  
do."

"But they won't get it," I argued.  
"Your trustee says that because your  
father willed the million to you and  
your heirs, it must remain tied up  
even though you refuse to take it.  
Why don't you go through the form  
of receiving it and then give it away  
to the poor, if you believe you ought  
not to spend it on yourself?"

### WHY HE DOESN'T TAKE IT FOR THE POOR.

"I have thought of that," admitted  
Mr. Garland in his musing, even  
voice. He talks with little change of  
expression and absolutely none of in-  
timation. Only his nervously moving  
fingers hint of a repressed emotion.  
"I have given more thought to it,  
since the announcement of my de-  
cision has brought me many letters  
from persons who feel that the money  
would help them."

"But what seems to me of first im-  
portance is not the satisfaction of  
the temporary needs of certain peo-  
ple with this particular sum of  
money, but the value of a principle.  
When people read that I refuse to  
take a million dollars, most of them  
think about the money, but some of  
them—I hope—think about the reasons  
for my refusal. And when they think  
hard enough and long enough they  
voluntarily will reduce to take more  
from the world than they need. If  
every one would live according to that  
rule, no state or organization would  
be necessary for distributing wealth  
equitably."

"The responsibility for keeping the  
money—or its tangible worth in land,  
food, clothes—from those who would  
squander it rests, from my point of  
view, on the trustees, the estate. I  
have done what I consider right in  
the matter. The million is not mine,  
even to give away."

"At least," I observed, "you are  
the hundred per cent. consistent re-  
fusalist, who doesn't repeat the fa-  
miliar argument, to account for his  
property—that in a capitalistic so-  
ciety he must do as the capitalists do."

### HE'S NOT A SOCIALIST, MERELY A CHRISTIAN.

"But I'm not a Socialist," Mr. Gar-  
land softly corrected me. "I am  
merely a Christian. I have had these  
ideas since before I went to college,  
when I first began to think things  
out."

"I do not believe in equal distribu-  
tion of property, or in state own-  
ership, or in Bernard Shaw's theory  
of equality of incomes. We can  
never have exact equality, because  
some men need more than others—  
some men with large families, or who  
are too crippled, and ill to work."  
"That in which I do believe is  
every man according to his need."  
We are all members of the same

## NEW YORK WARNED AGAINST BOOST IN STREET CAR FARES BY NEW P. S. COMMISSION

What Was Done Arbitrarily  
in Philadelphia May Be  
Repeated Here.

### ALL THE WIRES LAID.

Basic 5-Cent Fare Here in  
Danger Unless People  
Watch Out.

By Martin Green.

Special Staff Correspondent of The  
Evening World.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—A new  
Public Service Commission, to be ap-  
pointed by the Governor of New  
York after Jan. 1, will be the medium  
through which the Interborough and  
the Morgan banking and security  
holding interests hope to increase the  
basic car fare of New York City from  
five cents to seven cents or eight  
cents. The sudden increase of car  
fares in Philadelphia to a basic rate  
of seven cents furnishes ample proof  
to the people of New York City of the  
absolute power of a Public Service  
Commission in the matter of car fare  
if the public is not sufficiently in-  
formed and aroused to see that the  
commission conducts its business in a  
legal and orderly way.

All Public Service Commissions are  
judicial bodies. They are supposed  
to render decisions after hearing all  
the evidence obtainable. But Phila-  
delphia's experience establishes that  
a Public Service Commission will act  
as an executive rather than a ju-  
dicial body if it is not closely  
watched.

The Pennsylvania Public Service  
Commission held no public hearings  
on the application of the Philadelphia  
Rapid Transit Company for permis-  
sion to increase its income by charg-  
ing five cents for transfers and ex-  
changes and maintaining the basic  
five-cent fare which directly affected  
the pockets of over three-quarters of  
a billion riders on Philadelphia street  
cars. There was no application be-  
fore the commission filed by any

financially interested corporation or  
person for a seven-cent basic fare.  
ESTABLISHING A 7-CENT FARE  
A CZAR-LIKE PROCEEDING.

The most important evidence in  
relation to the 5-cent basic fare was  
submitted to the commission by its  
own chief engineer, acting on in-  
structions. But the commission did  
not consider this evidence establish-  
ing that the basic 5-cent fare pro-  
posed by the Philadelphia Rapid  
Transit Company would yield \$140,-  
000 more revenue in 12 months than  
the basic 7-cent fare.

The commission arbitrarily fixed a  
7-cent fare, although the report of its  
engineer, according to Public Service  
Commissioner Samuel M. Clement Jr.,  
was not in evidence.

With this example staring them in  
(Continued on Thirty-fifth Page.)

## MRS. WILSON'S PLEA FREES MOONSHINER

President Acts in Case of Cincin-  
nati Man Convicted of Oper-  
ating Home Still.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—The  
Tribunals spirit proved too much  
for a governmental red tape and  
John F. Schweinberg, convicted in  
Cincinnati of operating a home still,  
was allowed to go home to his wife  
and six children after President Wil-  
son, on the plea of Mrs. Wilson, had  
signed a pardon.

Telegrapher O'Dowd received a pe-  
tition for Schweinberg's pardon from  
Judge Frank O. Cincinnati. He routed  
Attorney General Palmer's secretary  
out of bed. Secretary Scott spent the  
night preparing a brief, which Mr.  
Palmer signed.

From there it went to Rudolph  
Forster, executive clerk of the White  
House, who told the story to Mrs.  
Wilson.

Mother says she doesn't  
care how often "com-  
pany" drops in to lunch  
unexpectedly—just so  
she has a package or  
two of Ancre Cheese on  
hand.

ANCRE

With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor

CHEESE

Made by SHARPLESS, Phila.

**United Candy**  
Happiness in Every Box

6 Week-End Items  
Specially Priced for Today and Saturday

Home made Combination	\$1.39 2 lbs.	Choc. Molasses Crumbles	59c lb.
Choc. Fruit Nut Pudding	39c lb.	Raisin Brittle	49c lb.
Fruit and Nut Straws	54c lb.	Wrapt Chocolate Nuttled Caramels	49c lb.

FULL WEIGHT—16 Ounces of CANDY in Every Pound Box

HAPPINESS STORES—  
Largest Candy Store in the World  
64 E. 14th, at 4th Avenue  
32 Cortlandt Street  
Hudson Terminal Entrance  
Fullen and Nassau Streets  
In Newark—355 Broad St.

2249 Broadway, nr. 80th St.  
1343 Broadway, nr. 35th St.  
1272 Broadway, nr. 33d St.  
200 Fifth Ave., nr. 23d St.  
Fifth Ave. Bldg.  
In Philadelphia—12 & Chestnut Sts.

UNITED RETAIL CANDY STORES

An Offering Of Unusual  
Style and Timeliness

WOMEN'S  
WALKING BOOTS

With Russia Calf Vamp,  
Fawn Buck Cloth Tops  
and Military Heels

\$9.95

This distinctive Cammeyer boot may be  
had in straight tips, and is particularly  
serviceable at this time.

Perfect comfort, perfect style and unusual  
wearing qualities characterize all Cammeyer  
offerings.

CAMMEYER

Stamped on a Shoe Means Standard of Merit

47-51 W. 34th St. New York

Newark Store—649 Broad St.

Boys' Clothes at Retail

Famous "JEDSON" Guaranteed Clothes for Boys

Our Entire Stock to You at Manufacturers' Cost

AT OUR FACTORY SHOWROOM

5-11 University Place

(See directions below)

Boys' Fine Wool Suits and Mackinaws \$5 to \$12

Children's Mixture and Chinchilla O'coats \$6 to \$10

Boys' High Grade Convertible

Collar O'coats \$10 to \$16.50

HOW TO REACH OUR SALESROOM—From 34th Street, to University Place, take the University Place car, and ride to University Place, 5-11 University Place.

WE ARE OPEN UNTIL 4:30 P. M. SATURDAY.

## MEN'S WINTER WEIGHT OVERCOATS

35.00 45.00 55.00

TODAY AND SATURDAY

WE don't find it nec-  
essary to announce  
a return to normal prices.  
Our prices speak for  
themselves. Our custom-  
ers speak for our qualities.

All-wool mixtures in gray, brown, blue  
and oxford. Single and double-breasted,  
semi-form-fitting, with velvet collars;  
single-breasted box models and double-  
breasted ulsterettes. Lengths 43 and 46  
inches. All sizes included.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 35TH STREET